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Just another hill, sure it was
Important for something, who knows
There it was, silent, rising
From fields of elephant grass
That slicing, vision blocking, green ocean
Olive serpents snake towards the hill's base
Sweating, cursing, alert for storms ahead
Just another hill, yours to take
Prepping starts, ripping into the hill
Shattering the day with whistles and roars
Orders given, assault upward
In minutes, slipping, sliding, crawling
Ever upward, clutching, pulling
Till, you knew it would, hill bursts to life
And the waltz of death begins
Time after time, you assault up
Each time, more KIA to sort, wounds to bind
The walk down as treacherous as the climb
Tracers slash, grenades thump, RPGs howl
Cries of wounded, screams of rage
AK's and AR's play a symphony of percussion
Faulty med-evac lasts mere minutes
Till ripped from the sky
Young men, squad strong rush
Saving some, watching helpless as others pass
Horror images burn into souls
Never to be removed, never
Bodies, pieces collected

**Tenderness and honor briefly appear
On hellish stage, while angry bees
Chip at rescuers, more payment still
For the hill
Once more up the hill and then
They're gone, into the mists and bush
And so, a hill, just another hill is left
Images living on in men
No longer boys, gradually fading
Its only value, their courage, blood, and honor**